

CHAPTER IV .- CONTINUED "Then we have no time to lose," said the woman, calmly. "These people are all friends. You are to change your garments immediately. My servant will help you. Explanations and further directions must wait." She called the negro servant and

said to him: "Now, then, Fan, be as quick as you can. We are fifteen min-

"This way, professah," said the servant, with a grin, as he pointed to the old mill.

Laport, without further words, made a bow and followed the negro into the dilapidated structure. Here, in one of the recesses where there remained a clear space and a flooring, there was a hamper such as is used at picnics were one or two plates and i napkin conspicuous on its strapped lid. The negro brushed them away and hurriedly tore open the basket. It was packed tightly and carefully with a complete outfit of clothes, which the man lifted out and spread in a pile upon a clean newspaper. Laport was watching him with curious interest. "Excuse me, sah," said the servant,

"you ain't got no time. You got to git dem duds off lively. I'se goin' to dress you. Take 'em off-take 'em off -Pse got to put 'em in dis yere wicker

Thus recalled to the urgency of the moment Laport began at once to divest himself of the disguise he wore. As fast as he relieved himself of his clothing, the negro placed it in the has and when it was full he excused him self and carried it.

self and carried it away.

He was not gone more than five min-utes, and when he came back he was empty handed. What he did with it Laport never knew. But even then he had an instinctive feeling that its complete destruction or effectual hiding had been provided for. Fan then proceeded to dress him in

the most expeditious, but the same time the most scrupulous, manner. In spite of the nervous anxiety of La spite of the nervous anxiety of La-port, he could not help wondering at the systematic provision that had been made for a thorough and complete change of appearance. The linen, enffs, collar, studs, sleeve buttons finger ring, watch chain, had not been forgotten. He was quickly dressed in a handsome suit of gray tweed, an im maculate vest and a fine soft black hat with a broad brim. He was shaved with marvelous dexterity, fitted with a flowing gray wig and gold glasses, a pair of silk stockings and riding boots with spurs, a field glass thrown over his shoulder and rouge given to his face; and when Fan held up a little mirror before his eyes, Laport say himself transformed into a comfor table well-to-do governor with a florid face that indicated good living.

"Excuse me, sah," said Fan, as h admired his work. "You'll hav' to sojer up; jess frow out your bress and put yer shoulders back. Yer got a bad sag in yer backbone. Der duds ain't made for it. Jess one more pint-good nuff, if ver can hold him dar."

Fan ran his eye over the details an looked at a little watch that he carried in his vest pocket. Laport saw that it was exactly like the one Kent had given him and that the woman had ex hibited while he was on the millstone. Indeed, it reminded the servant to re place in Laport's vest pocket the time piece that Kent had given him. He did this with the remark: "Dat's de gen eral's time. Tother one's for to make a gallus show."

A moment later he had gathered up all the evidences of his work and sum-moned the lady who appeared to be his mistress. She came in flushed, as if she had been riding, looked at Laport critically and said:

"You are Dr. Samuel Franklin, of Cincinnati, and I am your daughter. You are to assume, to the best of your ability, the manner of a rather per-emptory but kind-hearted parent. You can scold me for my extravagance a little if you like. You are to carry this roll of bills and when called upon your cheek as I direct. Further directions I can give you as we journey. The horses are at the door."

Five minutes later Laport was on the back of a handsome horse, riding by the side of a jaunty and spirited com-panion. Immediately behind them rode three others, who made up the group. The way for some distance was across fields, but presently they came into one of those grass-grown lanes that divide farms, and a little later struck a common country highway running southwest. Not a word by Laport's companion for a mile or two except an occasional direction as to speed. But after an hour's ride they came to a group of houses, when she said: "It is necessary that we show ourselves here. You are to preserve the air of the father of the family-that is all."

At the largest of the houses the party drew up and asked for a drink of water of a man at the door. While it was being served Laport remained in the road—the rest drew up chatteringly at the door and managed advoitly to tell the man how they had been disappointed in their ride and were hurry tions were also asked about better conds; and then, with flippant jests, some coin was flung to the man and they started off again. It was now half-past three o'clock and a ride of half an hour brought them to an intersecting and evidently not much traveled road. "We turn south," said Laport's companion. "The rest go on to Shirteyville. Do you understand? There is no telegraph on our route."

The moment they were in the new coad she said: "I shall have to ask you to make the best time you can for the next five miles, until we come to another highway. Your horse has a good gait-let h'm have his head."

She then struck her animal and Laport followed her. The pace was a painful one, for he no longer had the supplenessor youth. But determination olied him with endurance, and they habited tract, and he was much relieved when they turned once more into are at present, and so long as you stay a well-traveled road that ran in a west-here, beyond the reach of society.

writy direction, and his companion said:
"You can take it easy now. We'll walk our horses here and let them dry. We are safe. If you are pursued the cent will lead to Shirleyville."

She drew up by his side as she spoke. "I can now tell you," she said, "what your route will be. We shall stop for the night at a hotel in Charlotte. It is ten miles farther on. Tou will pay our bill in the morning with a check some competence and spend the re-mainder of your days in some safe place comfortably. You are not eat-ing."
"Pardon me," said Laport. "I will drink this coffee and listen to you. I have no appetite."
"Perhaps a dron of stimulant?" which the landlord will cash because I have already cashed the two which Mr. Kent got you to sign, and the landlord knows they are good. There is a branch railroad running from Char-

dispatch."
"But if we do not?" asked Laport

with considerably more curiosity than

apprehension.
"In that case we shall have to de

pend on the discrepancy between the description and the appearance. The probability is that the pursuit will be

thrown off at Shirlevville. There is

no means of knowing that we left the party until the pursuers reach the party. They will then have to retrace their steps. The landlord at Charlotte will tell them that he has been receiv-

ing your checks before the date of the escape, and saw you sign one with his own eyes. It will take some time after-

ward to ascertain that we are not in Pankanky yet. If, however, the tel-

egraph is used without waiting to as-

"And you go on alone," added the

"You reach Cincinnati and go to the olumbia hotel, an obscure place. You

He's your old friend. He will

will look on the register for Bernard

"Yes?" said Laport, inquiringly]

ertain that fact the detective

"Are you prepared for that?"

Wheeling."

"Perhaps a drop of stimulant?"
"No," said Laport. "My curiosity to
bear what you have to say is too great

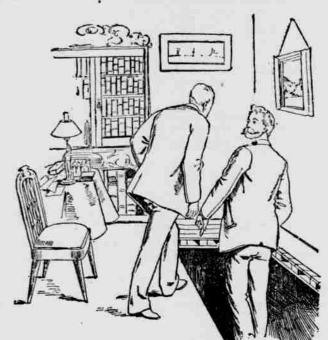


T PROPOSE TO RECTIFY SOME OF

are brought about by the association of the two orders of talent. One order is reflective and creative; the other is executive and administrative. We represent the two orders. I am not satis fied with events as they occur. I am going to manufacture them on a large

coard the train when we pull into He paused a moment and took a few mouthfuls of food. Laport was re-"Yes. You change your disguise be-fore taking that train."
"Ah." said Laport, with relief.

garding him curiously.
"This sounds a little abstract, but it is a necessary postulate. I'm not a crank. Like yourself, society has wronged me. I propose to rectify some of the evils of society. If that sounds chimerical, let me remind you that the details of your rescue ought to con-vince you that I am a man of method, secustomed to deal with facts and adget you over into Kentucky that night. | just myself to circumstances. You are



"COME," SAID KENT. "I WILL SHOW YOU MY POSSESSIONS

On Friday morning at ten o'clock you under some obligations to me. I pro-will be at the rendezvous appointed by Mr. Kent. I will myself join you tions in only one way—it is by making by Mr. Kent. I will myself join you there days later. Once at that point you are absolutely safe from pursuit."

Lanort looked at here were the safe from pursuit."

Joseph Str. Kent. I will myself join you tions in only one way—it is by making a confident of you and depending upon your sense of lovalty. Laport looked at her. "I do not quite see how that can be," he said.

"You will see clearly enough when you arrive there," replied his companion.

could see sticking out of the brush half a mile up the rocks was the un-painted roof of a small frame house. The traveler got out, stamped his feet as if he was cramped by long riding, gave the negro a two-dollar bill and began climbing the rocky bank.

It was Laport. He sat down on the coorstep of the and looked about him. The prospect to the east and north was open revealing what appeared to be a desolate wilder ness of rocks and forests, with here and there the blue peaks of the distant mountains showing between. While he sat there, the door opened; a man rhom he did not recognize appeared and spoke to him familiarly.

"Come inside, professor—you rest yourself much better indoors. He looked at the speaker. It was Kent, but save for something in the tone of his voice, Laport did not know him. He appeared broader and heavier

and older He considerately assisted Laport to rise, saying: "I've been waiting break-fast for you. You may dismiss further anxiety. Your troubles are ended. You must be hungry after your long ride. Once inside the house, a well-spread table presented itself and the men sat

"Let us," said Kent, "avoid the usual formalities. Explanations will prepare the way to rest. You are naturally amazed at what has taken piace and anxious to know the motives of my action. I will proceed at once to relieve your mind your system. Let me advise 70u to drink coffee-it is a necessary prophy-

lactic in this place." He called to a servant who came in from the one other apartment and brought the meal. Laport looked on with expectancy and was silent, while Kent both ate and talked.

"You have been most cruelly wronged," he said. "You are not guilty of murder, for that was not arrangement will not do at all. I do not your intention. Society took from the intend to implicate you in any of my world a genius and locked him up. You I do not intend to interfere with your liberty. I shall make you a business proposition. If it does not meet with your approbation you can depart. I will not betray you. If it does you [ro me continued]

arrangement we effect. The pledge is implied. I have to put myself in your hands to a certain extent. You are a free man. You are not directly or in-directly to betray my confidence, even CHAPTER V.

On Friday morning a tired and dusty

If you do not stay with me. That, I merely say, is understood."

Laport bowed his head in acquies-

would have taken the extraordinary means to secure your services if I had not believed I could depend upon you. Verbal pledges are unnecessary, my

dear sir. "In carrying out the vast projects which I have in my mind for the recti-fication of some of the evils of society, I shall necessarily come in col-lision with society and it was neces-sary first of all to find a secure place from interruption, impregnable and unknown to the world, where I could carry on the extensive organizing scheme. That place is under your

"I do not understand you," said Laport, looking curiously about him.
"Under this floor," continued Kent,
"is the entrance to the largest cave that has probably ever been explored by man. I discovered it by accident seven years ago. I bought this piece of land and erected this house over the entrance I purpose to buy the whole two thousand acres of wild land that itprium. It is for the fitting up of this coderground domain that I h such pains to secure your aid. I need in it an electrical plant; a water system; electric railway, and heating apparatus, besides means of defense and other modern appliances. I have estiother modern appliances. I have estimated the cost of my internal—or, perhaps, I should say, intestinal—improvement at something like a million dollars. It is for you to say, when I have taken you over the ground, it you will sell me your mechanical skill for a year and what it will be worth."

Kent waited for a reply. After a moment's hesitation Laport said: "It seems to me, sir, that at this time I am not in a position to make terms. If you succeed in demonstrating to me the practicability of your plans, the best I can do is to offer you my services and advice in so far as the

cheme meets with my approbation."
"Well, I can only say that such an schemes. I wish to employ your con structive ability at a reasonable price cable to the engineering and mechan

can work for me a year, save a hand- THE EVIL OF SUICIDE.

Dr. Talmage Discourses Spread and the Cause

Fate of the Man Who Deliberately Snaps the Bond Between His Body and His Soul.

The latest sermon given out through the press by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage was upon the subject of "Suicide," the text being from Acts xvi., 27-28: "He drew out his sword and would have drew out his sword and wealth himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fied. But Paul cried prisoners had been fied. But Paul cried prisoners had been ned. But Trautersa, with a loud voice, saying: Do thyself no harm." The sermon is as follows: Here is a would-be suicide arrested in his deadly attempt. He was a sher-iff, and, according to the Roman law, a bailiff himself must suffer the punish-cent due an escaned prisoner; and if ment due an escaped prisoner; and if the prisoner breaking jail was sen-tenced to be endungeoned for three or four years, then the sheriff must be endungeoned for three or four years; and if the prisoner breaking jail was to have suffered capital punishment, then the sheriff must suffer capital punishment. The sheriff had received especial

charge to keep a sharp lookout for Paul and Silas. The government had not had confidence in bolts and bars to keep safe these two elergymen, about

whom there seemed to be something strange and supernatural. Sure enough, by miraculous power, they are free, and the sheriff, waking out of a sound sleep, and supposing these ministers have run away, and knowing that they were to die for preaching Christ, and realizing that he must therefore die, rather than go under the executioner's ax on the n and suffer public disgrace, resolves to precipitate his own decease. But be-fore the sharp, keen, glittering dagger of the sheriff could strike his heart, one of the unloosened prisoners arrests the blade by the command: "Do thyself

In olden time, and where Christian ity had not interfered with it, suicid was considered honorable and a sign of courage. Demosthenes poisoner himself when told that Alexander's ambassador had demanded the sur-render of the Athenian orators. Isocrates killed himself rather than surrender to Philip of Macedona Cato, rather than submit to Julius Cæsar, took his own life, and after three times his wounds had been dressed, tore them open and perished. Mithridates killed himself rather than submit to Pompey, the conqueror. Hannibal de-stroyed his life by poison from his ring, considering life unbearable. Ly-curgus a suicide, Brutus a suicide. After the disaster of Moscow Napoleon always carried with him a preparation of opium, and one night his servant heard the ex-emperor arise, put some thing in a glass and drink it, and soo after the grouns aroused all the attendants, and it was only through utmost nedical skill he was resuscitated from the stupor of the opiate.

Times have changed, and yet the American conscience needs to be toned up on the subject of suicide. Have seen a paper in the last month that you seen a paper in the bassage out of did not announce the passage out of life by one's own behest? Defaulters, out allarmed at the idea of exposure, quit life precipitately. Men losing large fortunes go out of the world because they cannot endure earthly existence. Frustrated affection, domestic infe-licity, dyspeptic impatience, anger, remorse, envy, jealousy, destitution, mi anthropy are considered sufficient causes for absconding from this life by paris green, by laudanum, by bella-donna, by Othello's dagger, by halter, by leap from the abutment of a bridge by fire-arms. More cases of "felo de in the last two years of the world's istence. The evil is more and more spreading.

A pulpit not long ago expressed so doubt as to whether there was really anything wrong about quitting this life when it became disagreeable, and there are found in respectable circles people apologetic for the crime which Paul in the text arrested. I shall show traveler in a miserable Tennessee wagon was driven up to the rugged acclivity in Henderson county now known as Fort Surges. It was then a wild, overgrown region and all the of loyalty if I had not acquainted myyou before I get through that suicide is the worst of all crimes, and I shall traveler and the negro who drove him self with your character and I hardly tians that have ever lived have committed self-destruction, but al ways in dementia, and not responsi I have no more doubt about their eternal felicity than I have of th Christian who dies in his bed in th delirium of typhoid fever. While the snock of the catastrophe is very great. I charge all those who have had Christlan friends under cerebral aberration step off the boundaries of this life, to have no doubt about their happines The dear Lord took them right their dazed and frenzied state into perfeet safety. How Christ feels toward the insane you may know from th kind way he treated the demoniac of Gadara and the child lunatic, and th potency with which he hushed the tempests either of sea or brain.

otland, the land prolific of intelectual giants had none grander than Hugh Miller, Great for science and great for God. He came out of the best Highland blood, and he was a descendant of Donald Roy, a man eminent for his piety and the rare gift covers a great portion of it, and erect of second sight. His attainments here a large building ostensibly a san-climbing up as he did from the quarry and the wall of the stonemason, drev we taken forth the astonished admiration of Buckland and Murchison, the scient lats, and Dr. Chalmers, the theologian and held universities spellbound while he told them the story of what he had seen of God in the old red sand-

struck his tuning forks on the rocks of Cromarty until he brought geology and theology accordant in di-vine worship. His two books, entitled: "Footprints of the Creator," and the the banns of an everlasting marriage between genuine science and revela-tion. On this latter book he toiled day and night through love of nature and love of God until he could not sleep. and his brain gave way, and he found dead with a revolver by his side. the cruel instrument having had two bullets—one for him and the other for the gunsmith who at the coroner's in quest was examining it and fell dead Have you any doubt of the beatifier tion of Hugh Miller, after his hot brain had ceased throbbing that winter night in his study at Hortobello? Among mightiest of earth, among the mightiest of Heaven.

per, who shares with Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley the chief honors of Christian hymnology. In hypochon-dria he resolved to take his own life, and rode to the river Thames, but found a man seated on some goods at the very point from which he expected to spring, and rode back to his home, and that night threw himself upon his own knife, but the blade broke, and then he hanged himself to the ceiling but the rope parted. No wonder that when God mercifully delivered him from that awful dementia he sat down and wrote that other hymn just as

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform: He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm. Blind unbelief is sure to err And scan His work in vain: God is His own interpreter And He will make it plain. While we make this merciful and

righteous allowance in regard to those who were plunged into mental inco who were plunged into mental inco herence, I declare that the man who in the use of his reason, by his own act snaps the bond between his body and his soul, goes straight into perdition Shall I prove it? Revelation "Murderers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Revelation xxii. 15: "Withou are dogs and sorcerers, and whore mongers, and murderers." You de mongers, and muraerers. Tou do not believe the New Testament? Then, perhaps, you believe the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not kill." Do you say all these passages refer to the taking of the life of others? Then I ask you if you are not responsi-ble for your own life as for the life of others? God gave you a special trust in you life. He made you the custodian of your life as he made you the custo-dian of no other life. He gave you as weapons with which to defend it two arms to strike back assailants, two eyes to watch for invasion, and a na tural love of life which ought ever to be on the alert. Assassination of others is a mild crime compared with the assassination of yourself, because in the latter case it is treachery to an especial trust, it is the surrender of a castle you were especially appointed to keep, it is treason to a natural law and it is treason to God added to ordinary murder.

To show how God in the Bible looked upon this crime. I point you to the cornes' picture gallery in some parts of the Bible, the pictures of the people who have committed this unnatural crime. Here is the headless trunk of Saul on the walls of Bathshan. Here is the man who chased little David-10 feet in stature chasing 4. Here is the man who consulted a clairvoyant, Witch of Endor. Here is a man who, whipped in battle, instead of surren dering his sword with dignity, as many man has done, asks his servant to slay him, and when the servant de-clines, then the giant plants the hilt of the sword in the earth, the sharp point sticking upward, and he throws his body on it and expires, the coward, the suicide! Here is Ahithophel, the Machiavelli of olden times, betraying his best friend David in order that he may become prime minister to Absa-lom, and joining that fellow in his at tempt at parricide. Not getting what he wanted by change of politics, he takes a short cut out of a disgraced life into suicide's eternity. There he

s, the ingrate.
Here is Abimelech, practically a uicide. He is with a barding a tower, when a woman in the tower takes a grindstone from its place and drops it upon his head, and with what life he has left in a cracked skull he commands his armor-bearer men say a woman slew me." his post mortem photograph in the Book of Samuel. But the hero of this group is Judas Iscariot. Dr. Donne says he was a martyr, and we have in our day apologists for him. And what wonder, in this day when we have a book revealing Aaron Burr as a pattern of virtue, and in this day when we uncover a statue to George Sand as the benefactress to literature, and in this day when there are betrayals of Christ Yet this man by his own hand hung up for the execuation of all the ages, Judas All the good men and women of the

Bible left to God the decision of their earthly terminus, and they could have said with Job, who had a right to co mit suicide if any man ever had-what with his destroyed property, and his body all affirms with insufferable carbuncles, and everything gone from his home except the chief curse of it, a wife and four garrulou people pelting him with comfortless talk while he sits on a heap of ashes scratching his scabs with a piece of broken pottery, yet crying out in tri umph: time will I wait till my change come. Notwithstanding the Bible is against this evil, and the aversion which i creates by the loathsome and ghastly spectacle of those who have burie standing Christianity is against it, and the arguments and the useful lives and the illustrious deaths of its disciples, it is a fact alarmingly patent that suicid is on the increase. What is the cause I charge upon infidelity and agnostic ism this whole thing. If there be no hereafter, or if that hereafter hereafter, or if that hereafter be blissful without reference to how we live and how we die, why not move back the folding doors between this world and the next? And when our existence here becomes trouble-some, why not pass right over into Elysium? Put this down among your most solemn reflections, and consider it after you go to your homes; there has never been a case of suicide where the operator was not either demented and therefore irresponsible, or an infi del. I challenge all the ages, and I challenge the whole universe. There never has been a case of self-destrue tion while in full appreciation of his immortality and of the fact that that immortality would be glorious or wretched according as he accepted lesus Christ or rejected Him.

You say it is business trouble, or you

say it is electrical currents, or it is this, or it is that, or it is the other thing. Why not go clear back, my friend, and scknowledge that in every case it is the abdication of reason or the teaching of infidelity which practically says: "If you don't like this life, get out of it, and you will land either in annihilation, where there are before his d no notes to pay, no persecutions to its stanzas."

No one ever doubted the piety of William Cowper, the author of those three great hymns. "Oh, for a Closer Walk With God," "What Various Hindrances We Meet," "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood." William Cowper, who shares with Isaac Watts and Charles Weslev the chief honors of the filled wish widely read there was a marked increase of self-singulation. crease of self-slaughter.
A man in London heard Mr. Owen

deliver his infidel lecture on socialism, and went home and sat down and wrote these words: "Jesus Christ is one of the weakest characters in history, and the Bible is the greatest pos sible deception," and then shot him-self. David Hume wrote these words: "It would be no crime for me to divert the Nile or the Danube from its natural bed. Where, then, can be the crime in my diverting a few draps of blood from their ordinary channel?" And having written the essay, he loaned it to a friend; the friend read it, wrote a letter of thanks and admiration, and then shot himself. Appendix to the same book.

Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Mon taigne, under certain circumstances, were apologetic for self-immolation. Infidelity puts up no bar to people's rushing out from this world into the nex. They teach us it does not make any difference how you live here or go out of this world, you will land either in an oblivious nowhere or a gloriou somewhere. And infidelity holds the somewhere. And infidelity holds the upper end of the rope for the suicide, and aims the pistol with which a man blows his brains out, and mixes the strychnine for the last swallow.

I have sometimes heard it discussed whether the great dramatist was a Christian or not. I do not know, but I know that he considered apprecation of a future existence the mightiest hindrance to self-destruction

For who would bear the whips and scorns of

time.
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely.
The pangs of despis d love, the law's delay.
The insolence of office, and the spurus
That patient morit of the unworthy takes.
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare botkin. Who would fardels hear,
Togrant and sweat under a weary life.
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveler returns—puzzles the will.

Would God that the coroners would be brave in rendering the right verdict. and when in the case of irresponsibil-ity they say: "While this man was de-mented he took his life," in the other case say: "Having read infidel books and attended infidel lectures, which obliterated from this man's mind all ap preciation of anything like future retri oution, he committed felf-slaughter!"

Ah! Infidelity, stand up and take thy An Innoemy, stand up and take thy sentence! In the presence of God and angels and men, stand up, thou mon-ster, thy lips blasted with blasphemy, thy check scarred with lust, thy breath foul with the corruption of the ages! Stand up, Satyr, filthy goat, buzzard of the nations, leper of the centuries! Stand up, thou monster Infidelity! Part man, part panther, part reptile, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy hands red with the blood in which thou hast washed, thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded, stand up and take thy sentence! Down with thee to the pit and sup on the sobs and groans of families thou hast blasted, and roll on the bed of knives which thou hast sharpened for others, and let thy music be the everlasting miserers of those whom thou has dammed! I erand the forehead of Infidelity with all the crimes of self-immolation for the last century on the part of those vho had their reason.

My friends, if ever your life through its abrusions and its molestations should seem to be unbearable, and you are tempted to quit it by your own be-hest, do not consider yourselves as worse than others. Christ himself was tempted to cast Himself from the roof of the temple; but as He resisted, so resist ye. Christ came to medicine all our wounds. In your trouble I pre-scribe life instead of death.

Why was it that at midnight, just at midnight, the destroying angel struck the blow that set the Israelites free from bondage? The 430 years were up at 12 o'clock that night. The 430 were not up at 11, and at 1 o'clock would not up at 11, and at 1 o'clock would have been tardy and too late. The 430 years were up at 12 o'clock, and the destroying angel struck the blow that Israel was free. And God knows just the hour when it is time to lead you up from earthly bondage. By His grace make not the worst of things, but the best of them.

man treatment" of the southern darkies. Charlie's eyes grow so big when he is telling the grewsome tale that his pupils look like huckelberries in a pan of milk. "Dem gallinippers is monstrous bad things," he says. "Dey makes a po'nigger's life miser'ble round 'bout Richmond, en Danville, en Durham, en best of them.

breaks that rim and separates this from that. To get rid of the sorrows of

can be, is the waving of the banners of the procession come to take the confriends, en den he gits caught sure querors home from church militant to church triumphant, and you and I have ten thousand reasons for wanting to go there, but we will never get there by self-immolation or impenitency. All our sins lain by the Christ who came to do that thing, we want to go in at just the time divinely arranged, and from a couch divinely spread, and then the clang of the sepulchrai gates behind us will be overpowered by the clang of decorner talkin' to a frien' er hisn, well one night he was a standin on the opening of the solid pearl before us. O tiod, whatever others may choose, give me a Christian's life, a death a death a christian's life, a death a christian's

ing sweetly to the rural youth, and he was so tickled he couldn't sit still. She had only been in the country two body from dat day to dis, and folks do days, and had met bim that morning.

"Is it always so warm as this in the way to be cut up fer to see how he

She looked at him doubtfully, and blushed.

he fell off the porch in a paroxysm.-Detroit Free Press.

will cause the spots to disappear. -Cucumbers should be gathered while the dew is yet on them, and put immediately on the ice. An hour before dinner pare and slice them very thin, and let them lie in salted ice water till dinner is ready, then drain them, and put them into a glass dish, and sprinkle bits of ice over them.

and sprinkle bits of ice over them.
Serve them with a French dressing in a separate dish.—Boston Budget.

—A pretty guest card seen at a dinner where the flowers were all pink roses, was a single good-sized rose-leaf made of water-color paper and tinted pink. The leaves of many other flowers could be used in the same way or early respects and seen the same way or early respects. split peapods, cabbages, or other reg-etables could be cut from the same board and painted the proper colors. If a menu card is desired there may be

USEFUL AND SUGGSTIVE.

tle over half a pint of water for half

pounds of brown sugar and boil until hard when tested. Pour into greased pans.—N. Y. Tribune.

-Cleanse light summer woollens which are easily soiled with finely-powdered French chalk. The soiled

parts should be thickly covered with the chalk, which should be allowed to

remain for one or two days, and then

emoved with a camel's hair velvet

an hour. Strain, add nearly

Old-Fashioned Hoardhound Candya Good for coughs and hourseness. Boil one ounce of dried hoarhound in a lit-

white leaves inside the tinted ones. white leaves inside the tinted ones.

—Salad Serving.—A good way to serve a salad for dinner or lunch is to hollow out as many tomatoes as there are guests. Fill each with salad (chicken, potato, or any variety), adding a spoonful of mayonnaise sauce. Serve each on a lettuce leaf. The contrast between the scarlet of the tomatoes, the creamy vellow of the maymatoes, the creamy yellow of the mayonnaise, and the green of the lettuce leaves is very striking, and looks most onnaise, and the

appetising.—Mercury.
—Mrs. Rorer, in the Household News says: "I advocate the general use of oatmeal mush for breakfast. It is wholesome, and, if properly prepared, will be relished by almost every one after a little use. One of its advan-tages is that, while it is being served, the cook has time to broil her steak or sitting down to the table, and she is ready to serve them smoking hot as soon as the outmeal dishes are removed."

-A number of little things in the eare of one's brushes determines the length of their service and the condition in which they last. For one thing, a hair brush should be washed often a mair orus shound be wasced often enough to keep it cleansed. For this, soda water or ammonia water must be used, and then the wet bristles set downward and left in the sun to dry. A nail or tooth brush should never be left in the holder with the bristles up-permost. The water will seak into them with such treatment, and discoloration and general demoralization will follow.

-The best way to serve after-dinner coffee if the day is very warm is to freeze it and make it answer for a aweet course. Use four ounces of pow-dered coffee to every quart of water. As soon as the water boils, put the cof-fee in a double boiler, turn the water over it, cover and put over the fire eight minutes. Strain until perfectly lear, add eight ounces of sugar, stir until it is dissolved, and set aside to cool. Then add the white of an egg and half a pint of sweet cream, both unbeaten. Freeze as you do sherbela and serve in punch glasses.

GOBBLED BY GALLINIPPERS. Black Charley's Story of the Disappear-ance of Old Sam.

Charles is as black as ebony and gla of it. He is an efficient and faithful of it. He is an emighty proud of his "Fir-giniah" birth. It was in the Old Do-minion that he had learned the story of the "gallinippers," which, if true, furnishes ample grounds for the recent convention of our British consins to protest against the "cruel and inhu-man treatment" of the southern dar-

And remember that this brief life of don't hab no pity on none er dem, but ours is surrounded by a rim, a very jest nabs enny one up dat dey wants thin but very important rim, and close and cyarries him off to dat dey wants up to that rim is a great eternity, and de gallihole. Yo'see its dis way. Dey's described by the control of it until God heaps er niggers wuk all day in de ter-baccer fact ries handling terbaccer and swallerin' de dust twell dey gits to be earth, do not rush into greater sorrows. nuffin but skin and bones. Dey be-To get rid of a swarm of summer incomes all dried up like er tree what's sects, leap not into a jungle of Bengal been rottin' in de fields. En den's de tigers.

There is a sorrowless world, and it is so radiant that the noonday sun is only the lowest doorstep and the aurora that lights up our northern heavens, that lights up our northern heavens. that lights up our northern heavens, that lights up our northern heavens, ger con't wuk all day en stay in de confounding astronomers as to what it house all night, en some nights he's

"Once I knowed a old man named

choose, give me a Christian's life, a den. De two men what was in de bugger white masks over dey faces, and Sam couldn't make a move 'fore dey was on him kerplunk like er hen on er grasshopper, en had him sittin' tween dem in de buggy, an' was drivewildering fluff of gown was twitter- in off ergain fast as lightnin', but not makin' er bit er noise.

"Po' Sam ain't been seen by enny-

country? she inquired.

"You don't think this is warm, do you?" he responded.

"Indeed Ido. I think it is positively hot."

"Indeed Ido. I think it is positively hot." "Likely it is, but it is fine weather want nuffin to do wid 'em myself."-St. Louis Republic.

Not Sufficiently Definite.

"But I have no corns," she said, and ter haif of that apple, and you have eaten it all yourself. Small Son-I offered it to her, and

-"The God of Abraham praise" was
the favorite hymn of Dr. Richard Watson, the great divine. A few moments
before his death he repeated several of she sucked at it a little and then pushed